THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 14, 1808.

Recommendatory Addreſs of the Aſylum for Female Penitents.

PLYMOUTH, FEBRUARY 3, 1808.

IN the address here presented to the public, an appeal is made to the compassionate feelings of the heart, in behalf of a peculiar cast of misery, which, for magnitude and importance, hath never yet been equalled, by any call from the voice of charity, throughout the whole circuit of the west of England.

The public mind will immediately anticipate what is meant, and, in the person of poor seduced females, discover at once the name. Indeed no other could be supposed. For among the vast mass of human woes, misery hath never so completely spread her mantle of darkness in a total covering. In every other instance of wretchedness, some ray of light is left, to give a tinge of brightness to the gloom around. Some portion of hope remains, either in divine or human consolation, or both, to bear up the dejected spirits. But in the case of fallen females, misery can lay the wretched no lower, within the boundary of the present life.

Once seduced from the path of virtue, the ruined creature, through a conscious shame, is compelled to suppress her tale of woe, and let it rankle within. She hath no friend, into whose bosom she might pour of the overwhelming grief which swells her own. There is no one to whom she can raise her sorrowful eye, with the least confidence that she shall find pity. None can countenance, but all will condemn. Nay, the very charities of life, and even among the nearest ties of nature, are, for the most part, lost to the child of seduction. In

what numberless instances hath the door of the parent been found resolutely shut, forbidding a return, because she hath fallen a victim to treachery. And, if the tenderness of the female breast is not wholly lost, in the prosecution of the sad path which her necessities afterwards too often constrain her to pursue, she pines away under an accumulated load of infamy, want, wretchedness, disease, despair; until, at length, she drops into the grave, unpitied, unassisted, unknown; and not a single friend to soften the anguish of her last hour!

Let the imagination fully contemplate misery, thus trampling over our common nature! Let it be recollected, in the same moment, that this misery is the peculiar lot of that part of our common nature, which evidently, from the tenderer feelings with which the great author of that nature endowed the female mind, was designed for the gentlest treatment! let the delicacy of the woman, calculated as it is, both to possess and to impart all the kinder affections, be taken into the account; and when the imagination hath leisurely surveyed such a reverse of circumstances, let it be told, that the cases of female sufferings here stated, are no less in number than 3000, (as hath been clearly ascertained, from a calculation impossible to be erroneous,) within the limits of the towns of Plymouth, Dock, and Stonehouse, and their vicinities!

To attempt some method for diminishing at least the evil, if the hope be precluded of totally removing it, can have but one sentiment, one desire, one heart, in the universal feelings of all mankind. An apathy here, would argue a want of humanity! surely the coldest hand of penury cannot but grow warm, and open in the aid of such a charity. It should rather seem, that the only earnestness would be, who should be most alive in the errand of mercy: who should first open the gate of an asylum, to take in the broken-hearted female, whose trembling steps had brought her to the door for shelter. Indeed, the only astonishment is, that a charity so obviously needed, should, in a place like this, have remained to the present hour unknown.

That want is now done away. In the asylum for female penitents a door of hope is thrown open for the rescue of those deplorable characters.

The first promoters of this charity are well aware of its magnitude, and of the very many difficulties which arise before them; but they trust that he, who first prompted to the design, will bless to the end. And in this prospect all obstacles flee away.

They consider the object as immense. It is not, as with many other charities, merely to meliorate distress; to soften present evils, to make temporal inconveniences less felt, or less oppressive; these attainments, desirable as they are, do not

come up to the full measure of usefulness, proposed to be accomplished by this charity; but the promoters of the female asylum, acting as instruments in the divine hand, are animated also with the vast hope of rescuing immortal beings from ruin, and by bringing them into habits of soberness and industry, and more especially, in opening to them the path of religion, to raise their minds, under the blessing of God, to the earnest pursuit of the happiness of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

Unquestionably, much energy, much perseverance, and much assistance from the liberal, will be needful. And it is a pleasing encouragement to consider, that the measure itself is not of local operation. It is not the province of a town or place, neither in the charities of a few can so vast a design be effected. But, for the support of this asylum, an appeal is made to the whole county, and, indeed, through the whole western district. Here all may contribute; for surely all must feel interested in the accomplishment of an object so noble.

Other institutions, for the relief of misery, there are, all around, truly laudable and praiseworthy. And other charities, from time to time, must, and will arise, as the wants of nature shall render them necessary. But while their separate and distinct merit is fully appreciated, and their claims to public favour are very cheerfully allowed, it may safely be contended, that a century shall pass away, before the experience of the world shall produce a charity so needed, so replete with good, and so auspicious in all its eventual consequences, both as relating to temporal and eternal happiness, as the asylum for female penitents.

Signed by order of the committee,
WILLIAM TUCKER, Secretary.

Description of the prevailing Fashions of the Month, as taken from minute Observation, by a Lady of distinguished Taste, from real Dresses.

[Extracted from "La Belle Assemblee; or, Bell's Court and Fashionable Magazine," for the present Month.]

A Round walking dress of white cambric, or brown velvet, made to sit close to the form; laced behind, and reaching to the edge of the throat, where it is finished with a broad plaiting of French net, or antique ruff of scolloped lace. Long full sleeves, trimmed at the edge of the wrist with correspondent cuff, and broad hair, or coral bracelet. A Zealand coat of ruby, purple, or crimson velvet, made without a collar; flowing loose from the shoulders, and tied or confined with a brooch

in the centre of the bosom; ends rounded in front, and reaching the bottom of the petticoat behind; trimmed entirely round with a full and rich ermine. Turban hat of the same material as the coat, turned up all round, bordered with ermine, and tied round the crown with a figured satin ribband. Hair cropt behind, and flowing in irregular curls in front. Shoes of crimson velvet; and gloves of York tan.

In the article of outward robes, we scarcely ever discovered so much taste and variety. In parties few white dresses are observable, except, indeed, such as are of the most transparent texture, and worn over coloured satin.

Dresses of coloured leno, or net, are also disposed in drapery over white satin under-dresses. We have seen one of amber leno, made with a jacket somewhat of the Swedish peasant form, the straps, sleeves, and bosom, ornamented with silver binding.

The most fashionable style of construction for gowns is that with a high back, sloped to a point in the centre of the bosom, and ornamented with an imperial ruff of fine scolloped lace, in half plaits. But we still see many fashionable women who continue to exhibit the back and shoulders. Coloured borders, in *chenille*, on black or brown Paris net, and worn over white sarsnet or satin, have a very appropriate and distinguishing effect in the dancing or drawing-room suite. Long sleeves are now worn with every species of costume. Surely they are not consistent for the full dress; yet we see them sometimes in such parties, formed of the same materials as the robe; at others, of white sarsnet, or silver tissue, attached to coloured dresses; sometimes of plaited French lawn, in the bishops' order; at others of fine net, twisted round the arm, from the shoulder to the wrist, with pearl beads, or gold and silver bands. They are sometimes placed over a plain satin short sleeve; and, to a slender form, we consider this latter style as well adapted, giving a becoming fullness to a spare figure.

The style of hats and bonnets, for the out-door costume, has exhibited little variety since our last; fur caps, velvet and sarsnets of divers shades, and chiefly of the turban form, lined with *chinchilli* or other skins, are the most attractive. A few beavers, in the Spanish style (the colours pale brown), have lately appeared; but we consider them more useful than becoming or genteel.

The thirst for novelty has induced our jewellers to introduce rather a repellent ornament by way of brooch, in the form of insects; surely this is a stretch of invention more novel than pleasing; the bosoms of delicate females will naturally shrink from the idea of countenancing so monstrous a decoration. In the article of trinkets we have discovered nothing striking or novel since our last communication; shells suspended from

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rich chains of gold, the oriental armlets, and treble bracelets are distinguishable amidst the endless variety offered to our view.

The prevailing colours are purple, shaded greens, Devonshire browns, crimson, and yellow; coquelicot and morone are on the decline.

ARABIAN *and* PERSIAN HORSES.

[From a Tour to Sheraz, by SCOTT WARING, Esq.]

THE horses of Arabia and Persia are considered to be superior to those of any other country; and we may attribute the great improvement of our breed in England to the introduction of Arabian stallions. Their spirit, docility, and vivacity, is remarkable, and is only equalled by the gentleness and mildness of their tempers. It is very well known that the Arabs pay the minutest attention to their breed of horses, register their foal's pedigree, and will not purchase a horse who has not a certificate of his genealogy.

Nujd, the largest province in Arabia, and belonging to the Wuhabee, produces the finest and most valuable breed of horses. Their breeds are very numerous; and as I write in a country which is supplied with horses from Persia and Arabia, I trust that my mentioning the names of the best and most esteemed may be attended with some advantage.

Those in Nujd are the following, and are named after the appellation of their tribes. Uby-yu, Soytee, Unezu, Humdanee, Reesban, Motyran, Dheem, Huzmee, Shumytee, Kohilan. Some of the breeds have been introduced into the neighbouring countries, and are distinguished by the same appellations.

The horses of Bire Kalid, and those of Quteef, a town on the main, opposite Bahrein, are called Buree, or horses of the desart, and are reckoned superior to any other breed; those of Moontoolij are Juisan and Furnju, the horses of Chaub, Wuzman, and Nuswan, those of Huweza, Reethan, and Nuswan.

The Arabs of Bagdad are of little repute or value; these are in general the horses which are exported to India: they cost from seventy to two hundred piastres (six and fifteen pounds.) Whenever a colt is foaled, the Arabs immediately bind its tail, which effectually answers the purpose of nicking; and to make his ears incline a little towards each other, they pass a small string through each of them, and which continues fastened for eight or ten days.

The horses of the Dushistan, or the low land beneath the Persian mountains, are reckoned more violent and headstrong than the breed from which they are descended. Their heads

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are usually larger; indeed there is a difference in the whole of their appearance. Those which have been introduced, are the Humdanee, Huzmee, Shumytee, Mootyran, and Buree Daghee. The generality of horses which are brought from the Gulf of Persia, under the denomination of Arabs, are a mixed breed, between the Bagdad horse and the Arab, or between the Arab and some horses of no value. Indeed it is not without much trouble and expence that you are able to procure a genuine Arab of high blood.

The horses in Eeran are strong, tractable, and active; much larger than the Arab, but inferior in spirit. The Persians have a proverb amongst them, "That an Arab, if wounded, will still force danger, but that an Eeran is always endeavouring to avoid it."

The Wukeel Kureen Khan introduced a breed between the Arab and the Tuorkuman, which is much esteemed. They are called Khoonnzud, brought up in the house. The breeds of the following persons are considered to be the best. The Wukeels, Sudip, Khan, Sheikh Ulee Khan, Nusur Ulee Khan, and Jafir Khan. These horses may always be distinguished from the Arabs by their size, their head, which is much larger, and their legs, which are not in general so well proportioned.

It is an erroneous opinion that horses are not allowed to be exported from Persia, or that they are of enormous prices. On the contrary, horses are very cheap, the best seldom selling for more than forty pounds; and it is very well known that horses are brought from Persia to India in great abundance. The Zujurs have a proverb among themselves, that with a sword of three tomons, and a horse of thirty, they are superior to any troops in the world.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 27.

To the Editor.

Sir,

As you sometimes admit into your Letter-Box specimens of unfinished performances, allow me to advance my claim to a similar indulgence. I have begun a poem, on so strange a subject, that I am doubtful as to my success in its completion; and I am whimsical enough to suppose, that I should form a more correct judgment of the business, by seeing its commencement in *print*. Unfortunately, I cannot favour you with a sight of the drawings that will accompany the work itself; which are, without flattery, amazingly novel.

The

The CONTEST *of* DEFORMITY.

A POEM.

With several admirable Portraits, by an eminent Artist.

"Tetrum ante omnia vultum."

COURTEOUS READER,

If thou hast squat thyself down with the resolution of perusing this my sage performance, I may almost venture to assure thee of a dainty and delicious morsel. But before thou proceedest to the arduous undertaking, I must inform thee how this sublime subject entered my pericranium. Hast thou not read that admirable book "The Spectator?" There, then, will be found the source of the following effusions: Amongst a variety of remarkable clubs (such as the *sighing*, the *amorous*, the *handsome*, &c. &c.) we have a facetious description of the *ugly* club, consisting of twelve fellows and a president. Now the election of this president is to be the burthen of my song, which will contain some faithful sketches both of the lives and figures of the different competitors. Their merits will be estimated by their respective degrees of deformity.

Farewell,
Heav'n-beaming beauty! soul-inspiring theme!
Thou brightest vision of the poet's dream!
Awhile farewell! Thy influence I resign,
And stray, rebellious, from thy roseate shrine;
And yet, reluctant, from thy paths I rove—
Reluctant quit the paradise of love,
Where lock'd in thy fond arms, the blissful day,
Glides gently on, beneath thy magic sway.
—But come, ye witches! hags of skin and bone!
(To work the woe of ill-starr'd mortals prone)
Spirits of air! who, in fantastic forms,
Sport 'midst the rage of desolating storms—
Who oft at midnight's dark unsocial hour,
O'er snoring wights exert your baneful power;
In dreams demonic, hovering o'er their head,
Till *exhalations fume* the creaking *bed*—
Attend my call! To you, ye sprites, belong
The fearful spells that wake so strange a song.
In Billingsgate (for fish and fags renown'd;
A nauseous spot of most unhallow'd ground)
In garret spacious, high from earth uprais'd;
Begrim'd with filth, and all its windows crazed;
With cob-web tapestry, and bugs beset,
Thrice in a week a sage assembly meet:

A club, to ugliness devoutly giv'n,
Foes to all shapes that bore the stamp of Heav'n.
A *baker's dozen!* yet enough to scare
The swarming myriads of earth, sea, and air.
—In spite of revolutionary hopes,
That raise the price of hangmen and of ropes,
Time serves to prove *equality* an evil;
And if you doubt th' assertion—ask—*the Devil!*
Old Nick himself (if Milton sings correct)
Claims from his imps some portion of respect.
—For sake of argument (if such we *need*,
The sacred cause of royalty to plead)
Let us suppose, a *body* void of *head*,
(Place, if you please, a *pumpkin* in its stead;
Or rather, as I write upon a plan,
Consistent with the *dignity* of man,
Let some thick *block*, that boasts the sculptor's grace,
Usurp awhile its banish'd *brother's* place).
Thus robb'd at once of reason and of sight,
How could this carcase possibly go right?
Forward it moves; trips over stocks and stones,
'Till down falls—bounce—*the commonwealth of bones.*
—See, how yon vessel, with expansive sail,
Withstands the fury of the adverse gale!
Her prow diverted from the dangerous shore,
Where, fraught with death, resistless billows roar!
Thanks to the *steersman*; should *he* quit his post,
Confusion follows, and the ship is lost.
—Such arguments, so cogent and so plain,
Flash strong conviction on the dullest brain;
E'en the grim heroes of my vent'rous tale,
Tho' amply drench'd with head-beclouding ale,
The truth acknowledg'd; and, with wise intent,
Were now convoked to choose *a president!*
—The chair of state (of uncouth, clumsy form,
A welcome lodge to many an errant worm;
Its legs diverse, its thread-bare vesture black,
With *caput mortuum* painted on its back)
Stood in the centre; whilst on either side,
A *judge* appear'd—the contest to decide.
The *one* from Levi's unshorn brethren came,
Well known on 'Change; and Mordecai his name.
High o'er his ears his stately shoulders rose;
And spectacles bestrid his pimply nose.
So long and thick his ill proportion'd pate,
His spindling drumsticks totter'd with the weight.
But Mordecai prov'd sensible and shrewd,
Tho' less with *honesty*, than *art*, endued.

The *other*,—grac'd with brown and bushy wig,
(A squinting, saucy, self-conceited prig;
His hoofs inverse, his arms a-kimbo thrown,
Long by the name of Toby Tosspot known;
Not quite a conjurer, but more rogue than fool)
Squat himself snugly on a three-legg'd stool.
Such were the reptiles Madam Justice sent,
To act as umpires on this grand event.
—Now silence reigned; and, lost in awe profound,
The dire competitors stood anxious round;
Each doubtful of the destiny of fate,
When Mr. Pugtail open'd the debate.
" O judges great! tho' not more great than just!
Behold this shapeless mass of breathing dust!
E'en whilst a senseless embryo in the womb,
Fate, unpropitious, seal'd my awful doom.
My poor vain mother *(sex-like* full of *art)*
A saint in person, tho' a wench at heart,
One summer-eve, on mirthful pastime bent,
And quite neglectful of my dad's consent,
Swift to the village fair her course pursued,
So gaily rigg'd, she knew not where she stood.
There, 'midst a thousand purse-dischargiug things,
Puppets, and gingerbread, and waxwork kings,
A *caravan* appear'd: where safe within,
The brute creation were in limbo seen;
Whilst, as allurement to the rabble-rout,
The beasts on canvass seem'd to roar *without*.
Females, we're told, (and I believe it true,
And so must all, who ever females knew)
Inquisitive of every nonsense prove,
Nor less in fruitful marriage than in love.
And such, my mother! when, with tempting sound,
The grinding organ pour'd its notes around;
Thro' booths and gin-shops, echoing divine,
Like the soft plaints of gate-entangled swine.
Soon up the steps she tripp'd, her six-pence paid,
And, in a trice, the captive race survey'd;
Here growl'd (in small and wretched prisons barr'd)
The wolf, the tiger, and the spotted pard;
The generous lion, and the shaggy bear,
Less fierce than many a *biped* in the fair.
As thus she ey'd them with delight and awe,
Swift from his cell a *monkey* thrust his paw,
Her cap assail'd, (Oh sport for bumpkins rare)
And in a moment laid her numscull bare.
In vain she shriek'd, in vain the keeper swore,
Nor cap, nor bonnet, would the rogue restore.

Trembling and pale she left the scene of mirth,
And three weeks after gave her first-born birth.
That child am I; and oh! terrific sight!
Behold the sad memento of her fright!
This hairy tail, short nose, and swelling chest,
My near connexion with the brutes attest.
Such, O ye judges! are the claims I boast,
Besides an arm, in furious battle lost.
But should these comely locks of flowing hair
Impede my progress to yon envied chair,
The beauteous crop some barber shall assail;
And not a stump be left to tell their mournful tale."
"Nay," snuffled Tosspot, "let that bush remain,
Nor spoil the refuge of the insect train,
There (like the warbling tenants of the groves,
That midst the foliage tell their little loves)
Let harmless vermin find a safe resort,
And thro' those greasy locks securely sport."
—Down to the ground obsequious Pugtail bow'd,
And hobbling backwards, mingled with the crowd.

Now, Mr. Editor, what think you of *this* for a beginning; But as for the *portraits*, they are beyond all praise. Whether I get them engraved or not, I am resolved you shall see them. The very first time I come to Sherborne we'll have our laugh out, over an honest bottle of port; that is, if King *Boney* will let us *have* one!

Master Pugtail, you perceive, has but a sorry opinion of the ladies; he says they are *artful* and *inquisitive*. What a base falsehood!!! Oh, *out* upon such wretches; hanging would be too merciful a death for him. It shows, however, that his *mind* and *body* are much upon a par. But whither do I drive at this furious rate? My thumb absolutely aches with writing, and I am apt to think your head sympathizes; so, farewell!

X.

Account of a Voyage to the Western Coast of Africa; performed by his Majesty's Sloop Favourite, in the Year 1805.

(Continued from Page 188.)

ON the 20th of December we first heard of Lord Nelson's victory over the combined fleet off Trafalgar, and fired a salute of twenty-one guns in consequence. We now received orders to go to Rio Ponjor, to look after a privateer. At half-past six, A. M. we weighed; at seven hoisted in all the boats; and

and at fifteen minutes past eleven we anchored in seven and half fathoms, Freetown, bearing S. by E. On the 22d, we lay off Crawford's Island. 23d, Tom Williams's point, S. b. ½ W. six or seven miles. Thirty minutes past five saw four strange sail, gave chace to a schooner and ship, and came up with the schooner, which we found to be a friend. At forty minutes past eleven we came to off Factory Island, in seven and half fathoms water, with the kedge. At this time we had on board a gentleman named Wilson, who was to have piloted us into the Rio Pongos; but meeting with Mr. Lawrence, a black gentleman, son to a Mr. Lawrence, of Deal, whom he thought to be a better pilot than himself, he returned to Crawford Island, leaving another black man, Captain Jack, as a clever pilot for that channel. He was one of the men taken in a schooner before our last return to Sierra Leone, belonging to a Mr. Butterfield, who was captured in her. He and Mr. Butterfield had agreed that, with three or four more men, they should, if the boat came alongside, try to effect their escape, leave their dispatches with Mr. Frisk, and make the best of their way to Sierra Leone, to give timely notice, of an enemy being on the coast. They employed themselves for some time in damping the priming of the muskets; the French prize-master gave them a sufficient opportunity of doing so, by drinking so much porter as to make himself drunk. At last the boat came alongside, when they jumped into her, and rowed off. Neither oaths, menaces, nor the actions of the enemy, who pointed their musquets at them, had any effect; only one of the latter went off; fortunately it did no mischief. Mr. Butterfield promised this Captain Jack a slave if he succeeded: he was the person who brought to Sierra Leone the intelligence of the circumstance, which occasioned our going in chace of them. We found Mr. Lawrence at Factory Island coming in search of us, to inform us of the privateer; he also told us that a great number of the men were captured by the natives, and were in chains.

I had now again the pleasure of seeing Mr. Frisk, whose leg I found to be much better, but his knee contracted. At thirty minutes past three, P. M. we made all sail, Mr. Lawrence's sloop in company. Saw a ship in the northward firing at the sloop with grape and round shot: discharged our larboard broadside at her; which she returned with two, and proved to be the Hibernia from Liverpool, bound to Rio Pongos. On the 25th saw a strange sail: heard the report of two guns, and sent the jolly boat with the master and pilot, to discover the entrance of the river: she returned however without success, the pilot declaring that "his TREE *no lib dere*," the tree being his mark for the entrance. This sufficiently shews the errors of the charts, as there is no river where it is laid down.

December 26th. We picked up a very large canoe adrift; came to an anchor in four fathoms, and saw a strange sail in shore steering to the northward. Sent our cutter to reconnoitre again: at eight A. M. fired three guns; at ten observed our cutter coming, without having found the mouth of the river. Made sail again to the N. W.

December 27th. At five P. M. anchored with the kedge in three and half fathoms. We now, from several circumstances, judged we must be at the mouth of the river: all hands were therefore anxious in making preparation, knowing the enemy's privateer to be of superior force to us. We hung the hammock cloths over our sides to prevent their seeing the guns: our head was muffled up, and disguised in the same manner: and the carpenters were employed in making a false poop: which, when finished, occasioned her looking more like a rusty old Guineaman, than a man of war.

December 21th. The cutter returned; they had been a long way up the river, and in the night were close to the privateer, before they were aware of their situation: nor did they find it out until they heard their sentries challenge each other. She immediately got under weigh, and a brig with her did the same; our boat following them, but close under the land for fear of discovery. When our cutter left them they had anchored at the mouth of the river, which is twelve or fourteen miles to the northward of its place in the charts. From the soundings, two and half fathoms, there was scarce water to get over the bar. It was therefore proposed, if we could not get in with the Favourite, to cut the privateer out. We hoisted out the gig, and sent the first and second lieutenants to make observations. In the mean time we got under weigh. We had not made much progress, when we saw them returning, waving their hats. We now got out all our sweeps, regulated the strokes by the drum, and sent the boats ahead to tow. When they came back, they said they had seen her taken aback, with a prize, which she had made. Dropped anchor at one P. M. we saw two brigs under American colours: at two commenced firing, when a black privateer hoisted French colours and returned it: at twenty minutes past two she struck; we boarded her, and they called for the doctor. I was consequently sent on board, and found seven killed, including the captain, and twenty-four wounded; their decks were so slippery with blood, that I could not stand without holding by the rigging. Having ordered those who were dead to be thrown overboard, I found an old man with his face entirely cut away, except the lower jaw; the ball had left neither eyes, nose, nor cheeks! and where the septum of the nose was, I could see the brain forcing a passage. This poor object was nevertheless continually swallowing his own blood, and coughing: the French themselves, as an act of humanity,

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threw him overboard. The captain and two more were killed after they had struck, owing to their not being able to stop their men from firing. One of our twelve pound shots struck one of her guns; the shot split, killed the man at the helm, and another piece went through and tore his lungs out. I got their surgeon at last up from below; and between us we dressed the wounded. There was one man whose leg it was necessary to amputate; the French surgeon begged to be allowed to operate, but performed his task in such a shocking manner, I was obliged to turn my back on him. The vessel proved to be the General Blanchard, commanded by J. B. de Breux, formerly governor of Goree, a man of great courage, and much lamented by his own people, as well as his enemies. I took some of the wounded with me on board. The vessel was considerably damaged both in her hull and rigging. Her complement before the action was 130 men, and 16 guns of various calibre. We now sent the boatswain with a gang of hands to splice and knot the rigging; and the purser up the river, to inform the settlers of her capture, and to procure some fresh beef. Several Englishmen came on board with presents, and were highly rejoiced at our success. On the purser's return, he informed us he had been a great distance up the river, and that the people behaved in a very liberal manner; they were highly delighted with the news, as were the natives—and stated, that we might expect the next day a large party of gentlemen, who would bring presents of live stock of every denomination with them: accordingly, early on the following morning, several boats came with different gentlemen (slave-factors) bringing goats, cattle, sheep, poultry, &c. &c. One of the company brought a very handsome boy slave about ten years old, as a present to the captain, and to whom we gave the name of John Favorite. At the same time came a general of the king of that country, accompanied with a singing man. Before he well got up the ship's side, he opened his pipes; and when on deck, seized the captain with both hands, and with great rapidity and loudness of voice began his song, in which he called over the names of all the neighbouring sovereigns; saying they were great warriors, but the English still greater, and ending each strain with "King George live for ever!" Wherever the captain went, he would follow him, singing in his cabin, between decks—it was all one. The captain thinking to stop him from thus annoying him, made him a present of an umbrella; but this only increased his ardour, for he put it under his arm, strumming on it as if it were a guitar. At this time, we had our prisoners all aft, with a netting separating them from the quarter deck. They now took his attention; and he made the most horrid grimaces at them, with signs of cutting their throats, drawing out his knife, and singing; or rather vociferating all the time. We

asked

asked him to go below, and had some rice boiled for him, but he would drink nothing but sugar and water. He proceeded to sing as usual, to our great annoyance. Our purser at length gave him a present of a French pistol; this not only increased the noise of the singing man, but evidently displeased the general; and to prevent his chagrin, I was obliged to give him a pair of the purser's shoes. Every thing was now settled amicably, and they departed in high glee, often calling on board the privateer. We now found the Blanchard had only the day before got her men from slavery on shore, and the captain nobly declared he would sooner be taken, than leave his men in that situation; otherwise he would undoubtedly have got away. The fact was, they went to cut out an English trading brig up the river, but in their attempt, they were taken by the natives, and the gentlemen with much difficulty saved their lives. The river is so extremely narrow, and wood grows so close down to the edge, that vollies of musquetry could be poured on them without seeing whence the firing came. We had at this time on board as passengers, Lieutenant Odlum of the African corps, and his lady. He was the only person wounded in the action, and that slightly, the ball entering his shoes, and bruising his foot. We had also one boy extremely ill of a fever.

December 29th. This day the Arab joined us, and twenty-four people now fell ill of a fever. I can only account for this, by recollecting what happened on our going into the river; from the time we began pulling our sweeps, to the time we commenced action, we were constantly stirring up the mud.

Our black pilot in his own idea was certainly a very great man. He received his money for piloting the ship over the bar, and then immediately asked for his prize-money. He behaved extraordinarily well during the action; he asked the captain for a musquet, which when given him he used like a bush-fighter, loading and firing with much rapidity from behind the foremast.

We returned over the bar as we came, and anchored in three and half fathoms water, Rio Pongos, bearing N. by E. three or four leagues; sent fifty-four prisoners on board the Arab. On the 30th we were busy in repairing our damages, especially our driver-boom, through which a twelve pound shot had passed. At five P. M. we made sail for Goree, having our prize in company.

(To be continued.)

BON MOT.

AS some gentlemen were dining one day at a tavern on roast beef, one of them observed, "that the Irish made more

more bulls than any other nation:" An Irishman standing by, replied, "And the English *swallow* more."

Thoughts on the Probability of a Peace with France, and the proper Conduct to be pursued by Great Britain, at the present Crisis.

By WILLIAM ROSCOE, Esq. Member for Liverpool in the last Parliament.

NOTWITHSTANDING the present appearances of increased hostility between Great Britain and France, there is reason to hope, that by a seasonable and temperate exposition of the views of the two countries, the foundation might be laid for that state of tranquillity which is so greatly the interest of both. Whatever may be the language of Bonaparte with respect to ships, colonies, and commerce, these are not the objects towards which his views will be directed. Much as he has already done, much yet remains to be done by him, even after the restoration of peace, to consolidate and secure his newly-acquired dominions, to ascertain the relations and confirm the fidelity of his dependant states, and to lay the firm foundations of that monarchy of which he is ambitious to be the founder. If we interfere not with him in these occupations, (and it has abundantly appeared that all opposition on our part has only defeated its own object) he is not likely to entertain the absurd hope of rivalling that maritime superiority, of which, if he were to attempt to deprive us, his efforts would be as vain as our's have been to overturn his power on the continent. That this supposition is well founded, appears by the uniform tenor of the last negociation, in which this true and only basis of general tranquillity was repeatedly pointed out; and by the offer on the part of France, not only to surrender Hanover and Malta, but to relinquish to us her territories in the East-Indies, to add to our possessions in the west, and to guarantee to us the Cape of Good Hope. If it had been the object of France to increase her maritime strength, and her colonial territories, would her politic and long-sighted ruler have proposed to have surrendered her foreign possessions to this country? Or would he not, on the contrary, rather have grasped at those distant acquisitions, and have sought in the plunder of Holland, and other countries, to have added to the colonial possessions of France? In any negociation in which he has as yet taken a part, it has not appeared that he was willing to disable himself from the attainment of any object which he has deemed of sufficient importance to be insisted on; and if he has proposed thus to add to our colonial and maritime strength, there

is every reason to presume, however he may threaten, that he has no serious intention of contending with it.

Happily, however, for this country, we have no occasion to place a reliance on his intentions, or to ask from him the concession of our naval superiority as a favour. If we are but true to ourselves, and do not wantonly sport with those blessings which providence has conferred upon us; if, instead of blindly aiming at continental influence and connections, we duly estimate our own interests, importance, and security, we may regard all the efforts of France to rival us, as a maritime power, without dismay.

In a political point of view, Europe, since the commencement of the revolution in France, has changed her position. This country must, in some respects, change her position also. Her connections with the continent are, by her own act, dissolved. The balance of power, that chimerical source of war and bloodshed, now exists not even in name. Instead of devoting our exertions, exhausting our resources, and risking our very existence, in a fruitless and destructive contest, let us turn our attention to those incalculable sources of prosperity and independence which have hitherto been so unaccountably and so fatally neglected. Let us attend more to ourselves and less to our neighbours; convinced that if we had devoted one tenth part of those immense sums which have been so lavishly expended in foreign subsidies and fruitless expeditions, in promoting the arts, the agriculture, and the internal economy of the country, we should have raised ourselves to a justly merited eminence, and should have added to our real strength, importance, and respectability. Let us establish and consolidate, on principles of justice, humanity, and mutual interest, our foreign possessions and colonies, and adopt such a policy with respect to them as may give additional vigour to our manufactures, and additional employment to our commerce. By a dignified, but just and conciliatory conduct to neutral states, let us dissipate the suspicions and animosities to which we appear in some late instances to have given rise. What would then be the proud situation of this country? Standing on her own foundation, independent of foreign allies; extending herself by her commerce, on the one hand to the east, on the other to the west; herself the emporium of the world. In this conduct we should find not only our interest, but our safety, and be equally and at all times prepared for either peace or war. The increase of our commerce will be attended with an increase of the maritime strength of the state. Those apprehensions which operate so forcibly on the weak and timid, that France in the event of peace may rival us in our naval glory, will be effectually removed. We have now in our power the means of great national prosperity, with our manufactures at home, with our mar-

kets in the East and West Indies; with the imports from the colonies, and that intercourse with the rest of the world which these advantages will always command, who can contend with us?

At the same time, the instruments of our prosperity are the instruments of our safety, and the increase of our navy, the increase of our strength. This is the true position, this the high destiny of our country; and nothing but a political suicide, a total incapacity to meet the bounties of providence, and to improve its blessings, can induce us to hesitate, for a moment, as to the course we ought to pursue.

COUNTESS *of* WESTMORELAND.

THE following is the character of a lady of one of the earls of Westmoreland, written by her husband, and inscribed in the chimney wall of a large room, at Budstone-place, in Hunton, in Kent, once the seat of that noble family, since in the possession of the Ryder family, now the residence of Mr. Skudder:

"Shee feared God, and knew howe to serve him: shee assigned tymes for her devotione, and kept them: she was a perfecte wyfe, and a trewe frende: shee joyed most to oblige those neerest and deeres to me: shee was still the same, ever kynde, and never troublesome: often preventyng my desires: disputing none? providentlie managing all that was myne: lyvinge in appearance above myne estate, while shee advanced it: shee was of a grete spirit, sweatlie tempered; of a sharp wit, without offence; of excellent speache, blest with silence; of a chearful temper, mildlie governed: of a brave fashion to winne respects, and to daunt boldnesse; plesynge to all of her sex, entyre with fewe, delyting in the best; ever avoyding all persons and places in their honour blemished: and was as free from doing ille, as giving the occasion. Shee dyed as shee lyved well; and blest in her gretest extremetie, most patientlie sending forth her pure soule with manie zealous praiers and hymnes to her Maker, pouring out her affectionate harte in passionate stremes to her Saviour."

A QUESTION, *by George Roberts, of St. Agnes.*

THERE is a cone whose diameter at the base is 42 inches, and the perpendicular height 94, and it is intended to cut off two solid feet from the top end thereof. It is required what length upon the perpendicular must be cut off?

Answer, by P. Gove, of Exeter, to J. Salter's Rebus, inserted January 11.

WHEN night descends in awful gloom,
And silence reigns around,
The dark ASSASSIN, I presume,
Amid those shades is found.

*** Similar answers have been also received from G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; W. D. Champion, J. Trood, and J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater; J. Colley, of St. German's; J. Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; J. Vellenoweth, near Helston; Hester Easter, of Poole; J. Treadwin, of Exeter; E. Nettleton, of Plymouth; Betty, of Plymouth Dock; Henry Lucas, of Lyme; J. Woodman, of North Curry; Alphonso, of St. Austell; J. Colling, of St. Dominick; a fifer of the South Devonshire Militia; W. Woon, of Grampound; J. Whitnell, of Street; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; and J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.

Answer, by J. Woodman, of North Curry, to R. Loosemore's Rebus, inserted the 11th of January.

TO PENMANSHIP we mortals owe,
Much of the good that man doth know.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; S. D. and G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton; Corporal Colley, of St. German's; J. Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; J. Vellonoweth, near Helston; R. Withiell, of Plymouth; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; J. Colling, of St. Dominick; J. Medland, of St. Bude; a fifer of the South Devon militia; Alphonso, of St. Austell; William Woon, of Grampound; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; Betty, of Plymouth Dock; and Hester Easter, of Poole.

A REBUS, *by J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater.*

TO name my first a kingdom find,
Situate in a northern clime;
A mighty beast you must explain;
And next a coin you'll ascertain;
A beauteous flower make appear;
And next a coin you will declare;
A foreign river last select,
The initials then you must connect:
My whole's a small, but pleasant town,
And Devon claims it for its own.

An ENIGMA, *by R. Trewavas, of Mousehole.*

AGAIN the muse attunes the darksome lay,
To chant the pleasures of a noted day;
A day admir'd by all the human train,
Tenants of air, and natives of the main.
The lovesick swain that wanders thro' the groves,
Dwells on the image of the maid he loves;
With trembling hand doth exercise his quill,
Tries every care, and uses all his skill.
My birth I owe to genius, art, and care,
Then wait with pleasure on his beauteous fair;
I'm weak and low, patch'd up with flimsy rhyme,
Or soar more lofty on the true sublime:
Daphne is charm'd with Damon's am'rous lay,
Which bears the tidings of her bridal day.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The HONEY MOON.

SERENE and tranquil was the night,
The night that clos'd the summer's day;
And brilliant shone the moon, and bright,
And warm and tender was her ray.

"How like our love:" the husband cried,
As on his arm Louisa hung:
Scarce had Louisa been a bride,
And both were fond, and both were young.

"This moon how like our love, my dear?"
He said, and clasp'd her round the waist;
"'Tis pure, and perfect, and sincere,
Tender and true, and warm tho' chaste."

Time flew—the youthful pair again
Enjoy'd at eve the stilly vale;
The moon still shone, but in the wane,
Her form less round, her face more pale.

"This too is like our love, my queen,
For tho' less radiant and less bright,
Yet still o'er all this sylvan scene,
She sheds a soft and pleasing light."

Louisa bow'd her beauteous head,
And yet a sigh escap'd her breast;
Perhaps the fair one would have said,
She lik'd the first bright moon the best.

Time linger'd, yet again the pair
The balmy breath of eve imbib'd;
And now less perfect, yet still fair,
The moon, alas! two horns describ'd.

"This too is love," Louisa says,
"The love, my dear, that life adorns;
Perfect at first, it soon decays,
Decays, and ends at last in horns."

ADDRESS *to the* BOYNE.

SWEET stream, for ever calmly glide,
Unruffl'd be thy glitt'ring tide,
And never may the warlike strain
Along thy shore be heard again;
And never may thy sparkling flood
Be stain'd again with Irish blood!
But may'st thou calmly glide along,
And only hear the poet's song!
Who often to thy banks will stray,
When evening steals upon the day,

To

To sing of half forgotten times,
Of sorrows past, of former crimes;
To sing the melancholy doom
Of those who found a wat'ry tomb!
Of those who on thy shore lay dead,
Who bravely fought, and bravely bled!
We hear the strain in sorrow flow,
For times like those awaken woe;
And as the plaintive tone we hear,
We guess the poet drops a tear:
But when he sings of future days,
His ardent fancy seems to blaze,
And spreading wide a brilliant light,
Makes all the future prospect bright.
He sings of better days in store,
When discord's voice is heard no more;
The time her jarring accents cease,
When Erin's harp is tun'd to peace,
The sweetest notes shall float thro' air,
Thy glassy wave their cadence bear,
And never shall thy sparkling flood,
Be stain'd again with Irish blood!

AMELIA.

MARY MARTON: *A* BALLAD.

By JOHN MAYNE.

POOR William was landed at bonny Dumbarton
Where the streams from Lochlomond run into the sea;
At home, in sweet Ireland, he left Mary Marton,
With a child at her foot, and a babe on her knee.

The regiment march'd off when the passage was over;
The route was for England, by land all the way;
No, never to halt; but, at Ramsgate or Dover,
Embark in the ships that were then in the bay.

Fond Mary, the while, in her spirit quite broken,
Disturb'd in her sleep, and perplex'd in her mind,
No letter from William, no tidings, no token,
Resolv'd to set out in all weather and wind!

Oh! what in this world can deter a true lover?
It is not long journies by land or by sea:
Intent on her love, in a boat without cover,
She cross'd to Portpatrick from Donaghadee!

The Irish are true to humanity's claims,
And the Scotch and the English are never unkind;
Poor Mary found friends from the Boyne to the Thames,
As she trudg'd with her babes in a wallet behind!

Arriv'd at the coast, by her sorrowful tale,
She soften'd the captain to let her on board;
And never, Oh! never did mariner sail
With a couple like William to Mary restor'd!

CUP *of* WOE.

I Drain the cup of woe each night,
To the last drop, in vain;
For, when Aurora spreads her light,
I find it full again.